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"What Fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

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TILL WE FORGET.

OLD DOCTOR DOUGH.—KEEP QUIET A WHILE LONGER AND I 'LL PULL YOU THROUGH.

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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

THE AWAKENING of the People is an excellent thing, provided of course they do not roll over and go to sleep again.

IF THE wages of all the McCurdy tribe are reduced in proportion they will have to revise their Christmas shopping list.

COLUMBIA'S football victory surprised not only Cornell, but the Old Ladies' Home, which has reconsidered its idea of challenging.

THERE IS nothing so funny on earth as a rah-rah collegian at a football game. Except when he is sobbing over the defeat of his team, and then you want to kick him.

IN THE coming contest over the regulation of freight rates, which side, we wonder, will one Theodore Roosevelt, member in good standing of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, line up with.

LORD LANSDOWNE plans to put an end to the Balkan question. In behalf of a small army of foreign correspondents, many of whom have families dependent on them, PUCK is moved to protest. To end the Balkan question would be to throw these deserving gentlemen out of a job.

WITH ALL due respect to our Norwegian friends, King Haakon VII does not sound like the Twentieth Century.

A CHANGE BACK to the bigger bullet is recommended by General Chaffee—a view which coincides with that of many of our most thoughtful and conservative deer hunters. The 38-caliber is not so "shocking" as the 45, as any stag or Filipino can tell you.

WHO IS that gentleman grinning? That gentleman is Richard Croker. Why does Mr. Croker grin? Because he simply can't help it. He has heard that Platt has been awarded the contract to "purge" New York of Odellism. Virtuous Republicans are aroused in New York and Platt, he hears, is their instrument, their purgative. Mr. Croker can remember days when the name of Platt in the Empire State was rarely referred to in connection with reform or purged politics. On one or two trifling occasions, moreover, Mr. Platt and Mr. Croker did business together—public business in a quiet, private way—and Mr. Croker, it will be remembered, was never accused of purging anything. As he grins reminiscently at it all, it possibly occurs to Richard that he at any moment may be asked to purge New York Democracy of the taint of Murphyism. Grin? Why, surely! It makes us all grin, and no amount of muscular effort can make the grin come off.

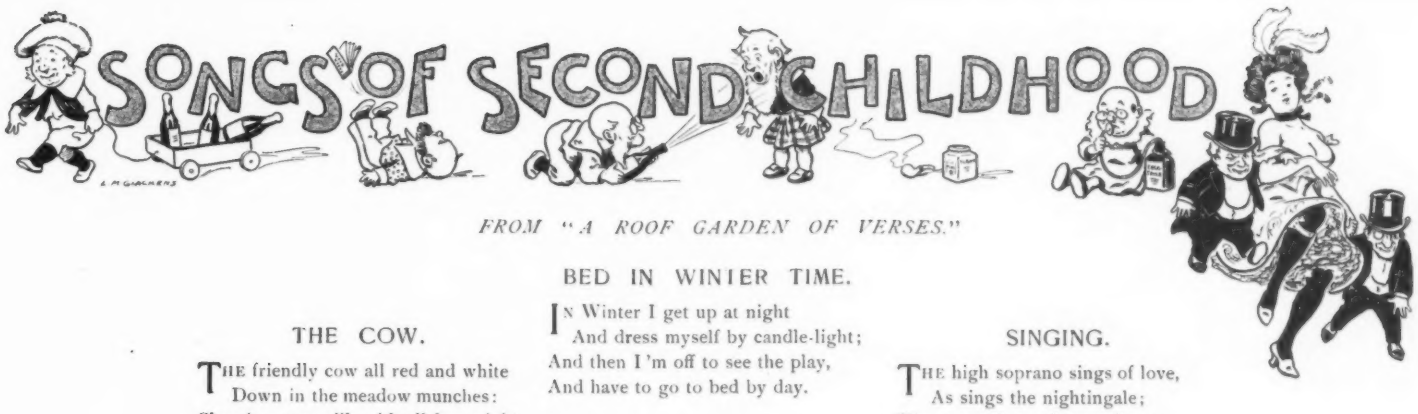
SHOULD THE President's plan of rate regulation be embodied in the Inter-State commerce act, the railroads, so one of their supporters affirms, "will have lost every power to keep an agreement or promise, and hence will not be in a position to make them." Or, in briefer terms, they will be seriously hampered in favoring one shipper at the expense of another.

SPEAKING of the "college spirit" did you ever study the faces turned towards a Park Row bulletin board while the returns of a foot-ball game are coming along?

REALLY, if it is federal control that the big Insurance companies desire, why not hand them over to the Interstate Commerce Commission? They would then be as free to do as they please as the railroad companies are.

SANTA, IMPRESARIO.

PUCK.—Book me for next week, old man.



FROM "A ROOF GARDEN OF VERSES."

THE COW.

THE friendly cow all red and white
Down in the meadow munches:
She gives me milk with all her might
To make my whisky punches.

If in the rye field she should roam,
Instead of meadow grass,
Do you suppose the punch would come
Without a mixing glass?

BED IN WINTER TIME.

IN Winter I get up at night
And dress myself by candle-light;
And then I 'm off to see the play,
And have to go to bed by day.

I watch, with others of my age,
The show-girls tripping on the stage;
With other Children of the Vine
I spend the night in pouring wine.

And does it not seem strange to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
That I should like to see the play
And have to go to bed by day?

SINGING.

THE high soprano sings of love,
As sings the nightingale;
The tenor sings of stars above,
The baritone of ale.

The coryphee with golden hair
Is singing of champagne;
The cabman waiting for a fare
Is singing in the rain.

THE LAND OF GAUD.

FROM breakfast on throughout the day
At home or club I choose to stay,
But every night I go abroad
Afar into the Land of Gaud.

All by myself I like to go,
With none to tell me what to do;
Alone, without a fear of scath,
I gallivant the primrose path.

The strangest things are there for me,
Things to eat and drink and see,
And many gaudy sights abroad
Till morning in the Land of Gaud.

Although, of course, I know the way,
I never try to go by day,
Nor can remember plain and clear
The ragtime music that I hear.

B. L. T.

MOVEMENTS IN THE ART MARKET.

ANDREW CARNEGIE has offered $300,000 for the famous painting by Rubens of "St. John Interceding for the Rich Man at the Gate of Paradise."

Russell Sage is negotiating for the well-known Millais entitled "The Lost Piece of Money."

President Hegeman of the Metropolitan Life has authorized the purchase, if possible, of Reynolds' "The Age of Innocence," now in the National Gallery.

John D. Rockefeller has purchased a recently restored canvas by Tintoretti, "The Wise Virgins Who Filled Their Lamps With Oil."

Barney Oldfield has added "The Destruction of Tyre" to his growing gallery.

James Hazen Hyde has purchased Dubufe's celebrated work, "The Prodigal Son."

J. Ogden Armour has acquired "The Herd of Swine," by Riviere, and will loan it to the Chicago Art Institute.

President McCurdy of the Mutual Life has instructed his Brussels agent to obtain, at any cost, Van Dyke's "The Whole Dam Family."

WHY NOT?

"SHOPGIRL" and "NEWSBOY" were two of the prize winners in the late horse show. It is up to Dennis Shea of the Draymen's Union to christen his team "Fat Dowager" and "Divorcée."

THE BALLOT.

"A WEAPON that comes down as still
As snowflakes fall upon the Sod,
But executes a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God"—
"Sublime!" I murmur, when I stop
To cast one in a barber shop!

IT is not on record that Diogenes, in his search for an honest man, ever thought of looking in a mirror.

THE child, being father to the man, instinctively starts in early to try to boss the nominal parent.

THE HANDSOME THING.

"Yes; we elected Mrs. Milyons president of the club, thinking she would give us something handsome—"

"And—"

"Well, she gave us this portrait of herself."

ROMAN PUNCH.

IMPROVES WITH AGE.

DRUGGIST *(in Maine)*.— We 're all out of Peruinyer, sir, but I 've got something just as good — that sterling remedy, Jaggona. Here it is — one dollar a bottle.

CUSTOMER *(examining package)*.— H'm! Looks ruther shopworn tew me.

DRUGGIST.— Sure! It 's seven-year-old and I 'm not charging you a cent more than the regular price!

IMPOSSIBLE.

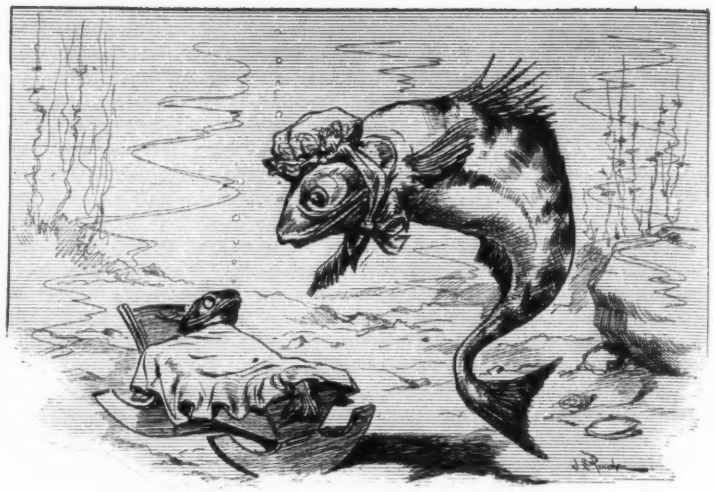
MANAGER.— Your play is wholesome, full of action, well constructed, and even brilliant in places.

PLAYWRIGHT.— Then you 'll produce it? How good of you!

MANAGER.— No, I can't afford to. It is neither immoral nor suggestive, so we should be forced to pay for the advertising.

FOR THE CAUSE.

"THERE," exclaimed John Hancock, as he laid down the pen after signing the Declaration of Independence, "I guess that will come pretty near getting the ink trust on our side, anyhow."



A BUDDING HUMORIST.

MAMA FISH.— What shall I sing for you, darling?

BABY FISH.— Any old thing, Mama, 'cept "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep"

SHAW VERSION.

"OH, would some power th' giftie gie them
To see my plays as I can see them!"

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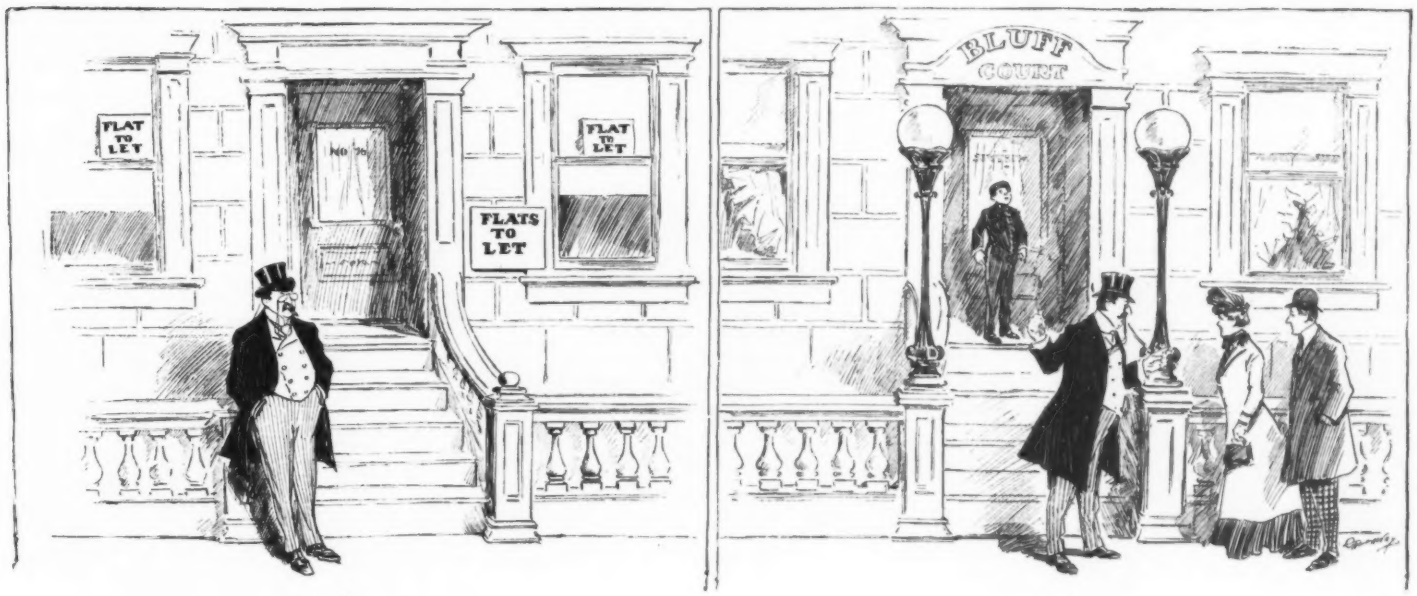
TWO VIEWPOINTS.

BOTH WOMEN. — How absurd they look together.

WHAT LAMPS, BUTTONS AND A NAME WILL DO.



I.

FLAT OWNER *(dejectedly)*.—I 'm up against it. Taxes piling up and not a darn flat rented. Ah, an idea!

II.

SAME OWNER *(three weeks later)*.—Very sorry, Madam, but there is n't a vacant apartment in the house.

A GENUINE TRIUMPH.

ONCE upon a time there was a man who invented a breakfast food which he regarded as being of so fine a quality as to be quite independent of a name and the influence of advertising. He regarded the testimonials of statesmen and opera singers as so much wasted wind, and the title such as Kernelena, or any other word builded upon the name of a cereal, as the ultima thule of utter foolishness, not to say ridiculous excess. A short time after this unique purveyor had launched his breakfast food ship of fortune upon the wild and invariably tempestuous sea loosely known under the general title of the market, he sat down in his atelier and communed with his inner self, and incidentally scratched his head. It occurred to him that the ship which he had sent forth in quest of pecuniary pearls was not about to return; and he was unable to sight her off the quarantine of his unusually lively and enthusiastic fancy.

"I am sorely undone and puzzled," he soliloquized. "I put upon the market a breakfast food so formulated as to generate fat, and to generate heat throughout the throbbing temple of the inner man, to such an extent as to make him fancy himself the inmate of a sealskin overcoat. I have sent it forth to make a name on its merits, and it will not emerge from the obscurity in which it was born and the box in which it was packed, but it seems to have an option on oblivion."

Then he stamped his feet on the floor and pulled out handfuls of hair and said with vim:

"Having pursued the proper and dignified course without success, I will now employ the opposite method."

So he gave his breakfast food a name. He called it "Chaffena," and said it was by far the worst and least nutritious cereal food in this or any other market. He said it would make strong people weak and weak people weaker. He furthermore declared that it was just the thing for people who wanted to die by inches, and that it was put on the market to increase the sales of a phosphated emulsion of fats in which he was interested, and that, by the way, would not do any of the marvelous things claimed for it.

To state the cold facts, Chaffena immediately leaped into popular favor, and in a fortnight it was eaten at such a rate that the inventor and purveyor found it necessary to begin the erection of so large a factory that, beside it the largest skyscraper looked like the Noah's ark of childhood's happy days.

After awhile the word Chaffena became known alike to princes, poets and plumbers, until it was recognized as a household and flathold word equally as important as "picturesque" and "artistic." The people continued to swallow Chaffena, and as they swallowed the dollars rolled in, and finally the proprietor was able to glide around in steam yachts, to cancel mortgages, and to endow universities.

The moral of this fable teaches us that everything is in the right kind of a name, and next to nothing in the goods for which it stands.

R. K. Munkittrick.

GAMEY.

CHOLLY *(giving venison dinner)*.—I shot three guides, b' Jove, before I bagged this deer.

UNFEELING GUEST.—Are you quite sure you 're serving the right animal now? This tastes strong enough to be a guide.

To a good many people success means getting some other kind of a job.

PERISHABLE GOODS.

COLLECTOR (*A. D. 1915*).—A treasure, my boy! A piece of Grand Rapids furniture made in 1905. No others in existence. This piece was preserved by keeping it under glass.

BACK OF THE RETURNS.

PALE OF FACE, but his eyes shining with indomitable courage and perseverance, the young man rose from his knees, flecking imaginary dust from them with a pocket-handkerchief.

"The rugs were beaten only this morning," the fair girl said, smiling.

"*I* am not a rug, and I shall not be beaten," he replied. "And although on the face of the returns I am defeated in Love's election, I demand a recount."

The beautiful Returns continued to smile.

"Shall you engage counsel?" she queried mockingly.

"I am my own counsel."

"A man who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client," she quoted warningly. "Especially in Cupid's Court."

He bit his lip. "Don't be cynical, Ernestine. It does n't become you."

"A recount would be useless, Edgar," said the lovely girl. "The election was perfectly fair. Only one vote was cast and that was 'No.' You cannot go behind the returns."

Nevertheless he did, the Returns being at that moment seated on a sofa.

"I will begin," he said, "by tying the hands of the opposition. We will now proceed to canvass the vote."

"What do you expect to prove?" she asked poutingly, after an ineffectual effort to disengage her hands.

"That the ballot was defective," he answered calmly, with the air of one betting on a sure thing.

"Pshaw!" She, too, smiled confidently. "Nothing could be simpler: I voted 'No,' and marked a double cross in the square beneath the heart."

"Pardon me," he contradicted, and produced her letter. "You voted 'No!—No!' By the rules of the game, two negatives make an affirmative. Moreover, you used violet ink; the law requires blue. The ballot being defective, it is therefore thrown out, and the court orders a new election. May I help you mark your new ballot?"

"Yes," she said.

And the ballot was sealed—in the usual way. *B. L. T.*

EVIDENCE.

MR. ISAACS.—Vell, may be der young man vos really in lofe mit you. I suppose you ought to know.

MISS ISAACS.—Vell, fader, I know he is jealous of ennabody vot vants to know how much money you haf.

ROMANCE.

CONFIDENTIALLY, the heroine of the story feared the worst.

"Sure 's you 're a foot high," she whispered to the hero, aside, "we 're going to have an artistic ending, which means that you need n't bother about renting that flat unless the author insists. For, see, our villain is too stupid to leave any but the most obvious clews, and our detective is too clever to follow up any but the blindest and scantiest."

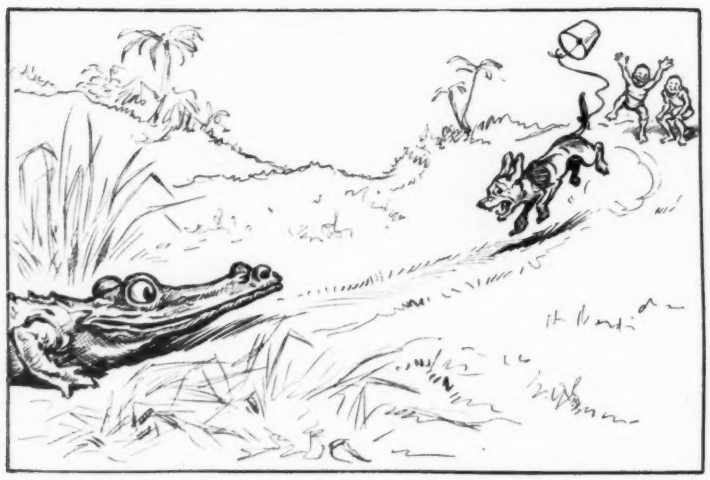
And the hero, on his part, could think of nothing better than to suggest that if the book proved half a go, they should all have to be revived for a sequel.

THE CROSSED WIRE.

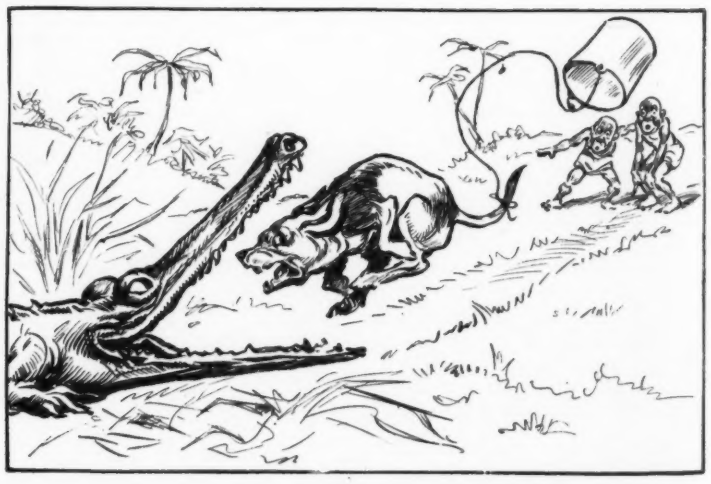
MALE VOICE.—Is this Miss Tottie Twinkletoes of "The Maid From Maine" chorus?

THE great "suit case mystery"—Why it 's so darned heavy even when it 's empty.

CANNED CROCODILE, AN AFRICAN RECIPE.



I.



II.

"THEY SAY—"

Monday.

BROWN.—Banks are not so conservative in their investments as they used to be. I understand the Commercial Paper National is financing that scheme of Carter's. It 's good, I guess, but—, etc.

Tuesday.

SMITH.—I hear the Commercial Paper National is backing some rather doubtful enterprises now. Had it from Brown; he 's on all the news, you know. Of course they might make a good thing out of it, but risky speculation—, etc.

Wednesday.

JONES.—Smith was telling me yesterday that the Commercial Paper National was backing a lot of wildcat schemes—got it straight, all right. When a bank gets to going in for that kind of thing—, etc.

Thursday.

WHITE.—I hear—good authority—that the Commercial Paper National has dropped quite a little recently in wildcat schemes. It might be advisable to transfer your account, you can never tell—, etc.

Friday.

THE MORNING WHIRL.—There are persistent rumors that the old Commercial Paper National has abandoned its conservative policy and is backing some more or less speculative schemes. The wisdom of this policy—, etc.

Friday.

THE EVENING BUGLE.—It is learned on good authority that the Commercial Paper National has suffered severe losses recently through the failure of speculative schemes which it was backing. It is to be regretted—, etc.

Saturday.

THE MORNING WHIRL.—There is authentic information to the effect that the Commercial Paper National Bank has recently suffered enormous losses through speculative investments. Though no doubt of the institution's solidity is expressed, the stock has fallen off considerably and it is feared—, etc.

THE MORAL ATMOSPHERE.

KNOWING NEWSMERCHANT.—Extry! 'Leven o'clock extry! Git de lates' scandals, double lives an' divorces—jes' as good as de play!

Saturday.

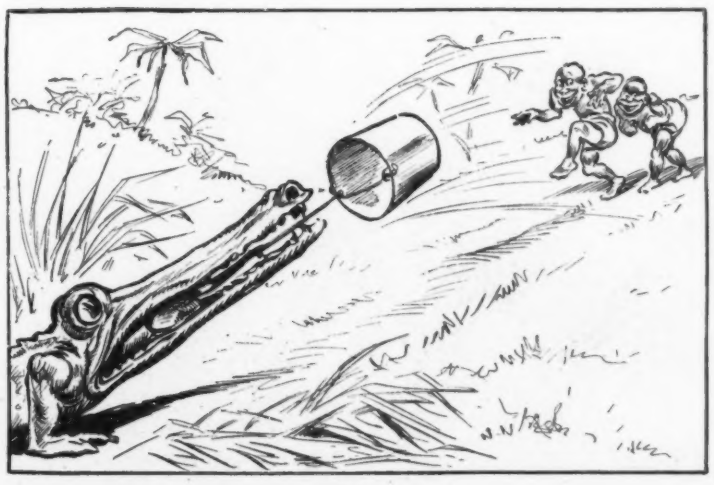
THE EVENING BUGLE.—A run commenced at the old Commercial Paper National to-day which lasted until the closing hour. There is no doubt that it will be continued Monday, and there is little hope that the old institution will not go to the wall. Enormous losses through speculative investments is the cause assigned for this deplorable end to so many years of conservative business and continuous prosperity—, etc.

E. C. Hall.

FLOATS.

A MAN may try to drown his woes
In drink; but, brother, please make note:
It won't be long before he knows
That woes, like corks, will always float.

MANY a man feels that he could be quite comfortable if his conscience would meet him half-way.



III.

IV.

THE RUSSIA DE

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RUSSIA DELUGE.

DR. JAGGSON'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

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BEFORE TAKING.

Invariably Cures in a Few Minutes

CHILLS,
DRY THROAT,
LOW SPIRITS
AND
"THAT TIRED FEELING."

AFTER TAKING.

Read the Following Magnificent Testimonials:

DEACON HOSTETTER, SACO, ME., writes:

"Before taking your wonderful Compound I was too tired to do the chores and my farm was all run down. After taking four drinks I sold the farm for $30. Please send me $30 worth of Compound."

MRS. SAMANTHY HAY, CANAAN, CONN., writes:

"For years I have been subject to chills. A friend recommended your Vegetable Compound. One drink took the chill out of me, and after five drinks I was carried to bed singing. Please let me know your price in gallon lots."

MONEY REFUNDED IF I DON'T BRACE YOU UP!

OLD MR. TROUBLE.

"DE BIG end o' my life I 's been on de dead run, as you might say, fum suthin' or nudder," ruminatingly remarked good old Brother Utterback. "Ah-Lawd; but I 's been uh-hidin' fum trouble and uh-dodgin' dis yuh c'lamity and dat'n, ever since I can ree-collect! It 's tuck me a pow'ful prodigious time to git properly at muhse'f and become saturated wid de fact dat de mos' tarrifyin' of our troubles is dem dat never happens and dat de spooks in de way is gener'ly specks on yo' eye-balls. Yuhafter I 's uh-gwine to buckle on de swo'd o' faith and de helmet of don't-give-a-dam, and stand right yuh in de middle of de big road and see what happens when old Mr. Trouble comes 'lopin' along. If he 's bogus he 's uh-gwine to tuck his tail and parse by on de udder side, and if he 's de real, sho'-'nuff ar-tickle, he 's gotter flung me down and hog-tie me befo' he can bind any mo' of his burdens on muh back. Dat 's muh attitude fum dis time fo'th!"

A STRAIGHT TIP.

TEACHER *(to class in geography).*—What does a strait separate, Bobby Taylor?

BOBBY TAYLOR *(absently).*—It separates his pile frum a feller, if the odder guy 's got a flush!

DURING THE TWO STEP.

CLAUDE CREEPY.—I suppose she thought she 'd hurt his feelings if she refused to dance with him.

BESSIE BUZZER.—Yes; but she 'll know now, I guess, why all us girls have full cards when Ferdie Grasshopper comes around.

A SONG OF HELPLESSNESS.

TEDDY 's determined to leave us:
When his term 's up he is through.
Brethren, the prospect is grievous
What in the world shall we do?

How shall we fare without Teddy
After three short fleeting years?
We are bewildered already,
Prey to a legion of fears.

Father, Great Father, we 've learned to
Lean on your puissant right arm;
In each emergency turned to
You to protect us from harm.

Father, Great Father, enfolding
Us in your infinite thought,
We have been clay for your moulding:
We are the thing you have wrought.

We shall be helpless without you—
Helpless as motherless chicks.
Whom shall we turn to? (No doubt you
Feel we shall be in a fix.)

Lord of the fight and the pow-wow,
Peerless in peace and in war,
How we shall miss your big bow-wow,
Likewise your sucking-dove roar.

Brethren, the prospect is grievous;
Brethren, the future is blue.
Teddy is going to leave us,
And what in the world shall we do?

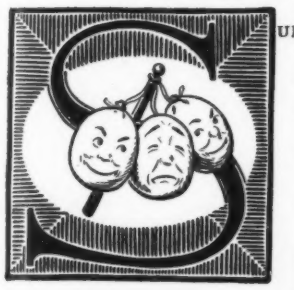
B. L. T.

THERE would be at least several truthful people in this world if it only took cherry lips and a hatchet face to make a George Washington

IF THE CENTAURS WERE BACK ON EARTH.

THE STREET CLEANING DEPARTMENT.

A SUITABLE VEHICLE.



SUMMONING the noted playwright, the society actress, famed for her successful exploitation of numberless decolleté roles, briefly informed him of her wishes.

"I desire you to design a vehicle for me," she said.

"Very well, madam," was his business-like reply.

Taking a tapeline from his pocket he proceeded to take the lady's measure very carefully. Having been present at many rehearsals he was familiar with her artistic temperament (temper, perhaps, would be as happy a term), and her many charming characteristics had been revealed to his keen insight time and again through the medium of the several scores of interviews which had been literally wrung from her by Sunday supplement space-fillers. Thus equipped the playwright entered upon his task with enthusiasm.

At length, having completed it, he bore the manuscript to the lady.

"But," she exclaimed when he had finished reading it to her, "you have given me no part at all, no opportunities! Now, if I were my own leading man—"

And she spread out her hands in deprecatory fashion.

The playwright scratched his head in perplexity. Having given her every situation and two-thirds of the best lines, he had fondly imagined that the play would meet even her exactions; particularly as he had designed a grand double climax for the third act, which afforded her the opportunity to run the gamut of every emotion known to society drama and then repeat the dose backwards. However he listened patiently to her objections and suggestions and agrees to make alterations.

Within a month he had so revolved his play around the central figure that it would have satisfied a Mansfield, providing, of course, it had been a Mansfield part. Still the lady would have none of it.

"Of course," she admitted, "it is somewhat improved. Still my art demands a far greater outlet than you have afforded for it. Why, you have actually given some of the minor characters a few important lines, and in the second act there are ten minutes when I am not on!"

Sadly the playwright admitted the truth of her charges, and thrice again did the manuscript undergo the process of elimination and reconstruction. At the sixth reading the actress professed herself as satisfied.

"I must congratulate you," she said; "you have acquitted yourself with credit and I feel that the play in its present form affords me an opportunity commensurate with my abilities."

"Thank you," replied he; "I am glad that you think so. No doubt it is a small matter, but perhaps you have not noticed that the play, as it now stands, is a monologue."

Arthur D. Pratt.

MORE CAUTIOUS.

HOGAN *(wealthy builder)*.—Phwat would be a good name f'r th' new flats, Mike?

GROGAN *(his superintendent)*.—How would "The Marguerite" do?

HOGAN.—Not wid my wife! I named th' lasht wan "The Josephine," and I had t' change it in a hurry or difind an action f'r divoorce!

OF COURSE NOT.

GROGAN.—Sure, Dan Kelly can't rade?

HARTIGAN.—How do yez know Dan Kelly can't rade?

GROGAN.—He 's just afther takin' out a loife-insurance policy.

As to which of the sexes is the more courageous, it is, after all, hard to decide, for as often as a man marries, a woman marries likewise.

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WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL!

TWO VARIETIES.

McSWEGAN.—An' yez don't moind worrukin' in a sweatshop Well, begobs, it *is* better to sweat in the sweatshop here than to sweat the way they 'd make yez sweat in y' dommed Rooshia now.

It's the proper thing to take Abbott's Angostura Bitters with a glass of sherry or soda before meals: 'gives you an appetite. At all druggists.

ADMIRERS of the late H. C. BUNNER, former editor of Puck, will be delighted to learn that a posthumous sketch by this well-known writer, entitled "A String of Scalps," will appear in the

Christmas Puck
for 1905.

The Christmas Puck will be issued on Wednesday, December 6th.

Copies may be had of any live newsdealer, or they will be mailed from this office on receipt of Twenty-five Cents each.

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ONE WAY TO THE TOP.

"Senator, what do you consider the best road to success?"

"Well," replied Senator Badger, "I have always found it a good plan to keep my mouth shut, and never let my left hand know what my right was doing."—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

UP AGAINST IT.

Some men in the insurance game
Have risen to financial fame;
But somehow now they seem to lack
An easy way of getting back.
—*Indianapolis News.*

LOVE LYRICS OF A LUNCH COUNTER GIRL.

Ah, throbbing heart of mine, be still! I ask,
Do I deserve this awful pain to-day?
Why should the dreams in which I fain would bask
Take wings, like some fleet bird, and fly away?
He came to-day. And oh, he gave me such a start—
The tray I held went falling with a crash!
A leaden feeling came into my heart
When he looked up and said: "Bring me a plate of HASH."

HASH! ye gods! To think my dreams should fade
Like this, and all my happiness depart;
To think that he upon my feelings played
Until I lost my poor and lonely heart.
Ah, World, thy ways are strange; I know them not—
I little recked that I could be so rash
Just think—the man I thought a decent salary got
Now comes and orders just a plate of—HASH!
—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

A STATESMAN.

"Charley takes a great interest in the tariff," said young Mrs. Torkins. "He is getting to be a regular statesman."

"What makes you think so?"

"He talks in his sleep about standing pat."—*Washington Star.*

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This bottle with the label bearing the signature, Lea & Perrins, is familiar to the public, having been on the market for more than **seventy years.** As a seasoning it improves more dishes than any other relish ever offered to the public. Soups, Fish, Meats, Game, Salads, etc., are made delicious by its proper use.
LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE adds enjoyment to every dinner.

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York.

ADVICE.

CHOLLY.—I did hope to raise a nice Vandyke beard, but it 's growing so straggly I think I shall shave it off, don't y' know.

MISS PEPPREY.—Oh, let it grow; perhaps in that way you 'll get it all out of your system.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

MILK-WAGON horses are so accustomed to seeing women with their hair up in curl papers that they refuse to scare at anything.—*Chicago Daily News.*

THE man who spends lots of time calling on the girls is not necessarily looking for a wife; perhaps he is only window shopping.—*Atchison Globe.*

IF a woman's first husband was a preacher, her second husband should be at least a bishop if she wants her family to think well of her.—*Atchison Globe.*

IN a murder trial down south, according to a Texas paper, a negro woman "testified that while she was drawing water, three men, the defendant, John Dunlap, and the dead man, came toward her house, and after she saw them she went into the house, and they passed on." The negro woman who saw a dead man coming toward her house in broad daylight and did n't do anything more violent than go indoors, certainly cannot be accused of being superstitious, and she must have her nerves under remarkable control.—*Somerville Journal.*

CUTTING.

THE BARBER (*urbanely*).—Shave, sir!

PATRON (*fiercely*).—No, of course not. I want you to trim my hair, singe it and then train it pompadour.

The day after, you need Abbott's Angostura Bitters. Braces the nerves; sustains you throughout the day, and makes you feel bright and cheerful. At druggists.

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"Follow the Flag"

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SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

"There is a great demand for municipal ownership, is n't there?"

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "There is a demand. But I don't think there is going to be any supply."—*Washington Star.*

TOO CAREFUL.

"Skinflint is very particular about his language."

"Um. It 's so polished it slips up on the truth."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE average woman worries when she is having a dress made, or when she can't have one made.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Shine on! It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend

lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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The Genius Idea.

"All the boys are doin' well, 'cept James," said the old man.

"And what 's James a-doin' of?"

"Well, he 's jest a-loafin' round, an' tryin' to be one o' these here incomprehensible geniuses?"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Some women use their husbands to make other women jealous. — *Chicago Daily News.*

The politeness of a good many people begins and ends with "Excuse me."—*Atchison Globe.*

Those who have once loved can never be satisfied with common friendship.—*Chicago Daily News.*

NECTAR OF THE GODS

NECTAR OF THE GODS

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PÈRES CHARTREUX
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Henry Ward Beecher was a constant advocate of sound life insurance. He taught his people never to expect Providence to do for them what they could do for themselves.

Andrew Carnegie recently said: "Every young man should get his life insured. The young man who neglects to insure his life, even though it entails some hardships to meet the premiums, does himself and those dependent upon him an injustice." The Prudential furnishes an easy method through its varied line of policies.

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Write to the home office of the Company at Newark, New Jersey, for further information.

Progressing.

"How is your daughter getting along in physical culture?" inquired the visitor of Mrs. Goldrox.

"Fine!" replied Mrs. Goldrox. "She 's got so she can read and write it now, and the professor says he 's going to give her Latin an' chiropody next month. I think them foreign langwidges are fine, don't you?"—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Agreed.

Miss Passay. — No, indeed, I would n't marry him if he was the last man on earth.

Miss Pert.— No, dear, you would n't, unless you also happened to be the last woman. — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

A doctor is bound to lose a few patients occasionally—but that 's because they refuse to do as he tells them. —*Chicago Daily News.*

An Exacting Boarder.

The Stork.— Well, how do you like your new boarding place?

The Pelican.— Like it? I don't. I hardly get a mouthful to eat.

The Snowy Days.

There 's somethin' in the elements that 's hintin' of the snow,
An' with a solemn music all the blizzard-trumpets blow;
But, then, we had the roses in a spring-time long ago,
An' far away we hear the summer singin'!

The winter 's long and lonesome—but it sighs itself away,
With its snowy-mantled meadows, an its starless skies o' gray;
We still can reap the roses, where the soul dreams of the May,
An' far away we hear the summer singin'!

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Experience proves that when a guest at a party starts a timid knock on someone not present, instead of getting rebuked, his tack hammer is drowned in the noise of the sledge hammers that follow.—*Atchison Globe.*

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No more cheers,
No more hoping,
No more fears,
No more music
By the band;
"Hail Columbia,
Happy land!"
No more pictures
In the press—
Queer and cross-eyed—
Cause distress.
No more riot,
No more din—
Reformation 's
Started in!
—*Wash. Star.*

REASON FOR YELLING.

SHE.—Why, those men at the Stock Exchange run about yelling like a lot of crazy men.

HE. — Well, I guess, you 'd yell like a crazy man if you paid $60,000 for a seat and then could n't sit down.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

EVERY fifth voter in New York is a native American, so that in twenty years New York will be the metropolis of Europe too.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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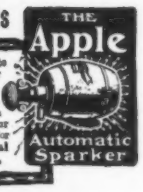

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
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THE CAT AND X-RAY.

Our Tom is as fine and brave a Maltese house cat as one ever had, and a fighter, but the other evening he entered into a scrap from which he has not recovered yet.

It seems that Milancie, our "queen of the kitchen," had polished up her stove with the new X-Ray Stove Polish, which has the peculiar faculty of not burning off from a hot stove. Tom came in and discovered what he thought was another cat on his stamping ground, but which was his own reflection in the stove. A fight was on in an instant, and, according to Tom, the other cat was as ready as he. The result was a sad one. Poor Tom burned his paws, upset a dish of hot fat, and finally turned a double somersault backward out of the kitchen, and has now transferred his domicile to the woodshed, and no amount of coaxing can bring him back to the kitchen. Housewives must not use X-Ray Stove Polish unless they introduce their house cat by degrees, otherwise a catastrophe is likely to occur.—*Brooklyn Standard-Union.*

NO MACHINERY

"I understood you to say," complained the homeseeker, "that the house was a brownstone front!"

"Oh, no!" replied the slick real estate man; "I merely said it was 'a brown front.'"

"Huh! It's nothing but plaster-painted."

"True, but—er—it 's all hand-painted."—*Cath. Standard and Times.*

A LITTLE SERMON.

No use to climb a pine tree
W'en Satan got you wrong,
Kaze he 'll set fire to it
An' take de tree along!—*Atlanta Constitution.*

WHY is it that the late fall fly, who has been bothering you, is never there when you go at him with a folded newspaper, but is busy buzzing around your ears again two minutes after you have gone back to your work?—*Somerville Journal.*

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PREPOSITIONS.

The mercury is going down,
The coal is going in.
The price of eggs keeps going up—
It really seems a sin.

Festivities are going on,
Each night we 're going out.
And some events are going off
Quite well, without a doubt.

So many schemes are going through,
It hardly pays to try
To grab Dame Fortune by the arm,
As she is going by.

A dear girl I was going with,
Till my dog chased her cat.
She saw what he was going for,
I got a going-at.

"Go to! Go to! Give us a rest!"
I think I hear you say.
Just where you do not specify,
But I will go away.
—*Somerville Journal.*

A BAD BREAK.

"I hear that English nobleman has discontinued his attentions to Miss Nuritch."

"Yes; he queered himself with old Nuritch; the chump asked the old fellow if he ever followed the hounds."

"Well?"

"Well, Nuritch was a dog-catcher before he made his pile."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

GILT-EDGED.

BACON.—They say Jiggins put up some gilt-edged security; what do you suppose it was?

EGBERT.—Probably one of those framed family portraits.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

IF all marriages are arranged in heaven his satanic majesty must have an influential friend at court.—*Chicago Daily News.*

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USED TO IT.

"Are n't you ashamed of yourself?" said the blushing girl to the strange man in the seat alongside of her, as the train came out of the tunnel.

"No, I 'm not, Miss," replied the man. "You see, I 'm a trolley car conductor, and I 'm used to squeezing people in the cars."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

ANOTHER reason for rejoicing is that the football season ends Thanksgiving day.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HONEST, now, without joking, were you ever able to tell what become of the change from the $5-bill you nursed for three months, and then had to break in order to keep your end up?—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

OLD MR. HORNBEAK; OR THE AUTO THAT WAS N'T THERE.